That they behold and see not what they see:
They know what beautie is, see where it lyes,
Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
If eyes corrupt by ouer-partiall lookes,
Be anchord in the baye where all men ride,
Why of eyes falsehood hast thou forged hookes,
Whereto the iudgement of my heart is tide?
Why should my heart thinke that a seuerall plot,
Which my heart knowes the wide worlds common place?
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not:
To put faire truth vpon so foule a face,
In things right true my heart and eyes haue erred,
And to this false plague are they now transferred.

138

When my loue sweares that she is made of truth,
I do beleeue her though I know she lyes,
That she might thinke me some vntuterd youth,
Vnlearned in the worlds false subtilties.
Thus vainely thinking that she thinkes me young,
Although she knowes my dayes are past the best,
Simply I credit her false speaking tongue,
On both sides thus is simple truth suppreſt:
But wherefore saies she not she is vniust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O loues best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in loue, loues not t'haue yeares told.
Therefore I lye with her, and she with me,
And in our faults by lyes we flattered be.

139

O Call not me to iustifie the wrong,
That thy vnkindnesse layes vpon my heart,
Wound me not with thine eye but with thy toung,
Vse power with power, and slay me not by Art,
Tell me thou lou'st else-where; but in my sight,
Deare heart forbeare to glance thine eye aside,
What needst thou wound with cunning when thy might





Is more then my ore-prest defe
Let me excuse thee, ah my loue
Her prettie lookes haue beene
And therefore from my face sh
That they else-where might da
Yet do not so, but since I am
Kill me out-right with looke

140

BE wise as thou art cruell, do
My toung-tide patience w
Least sorrow lend me words an
The manner of my pittie wanti
If I might teach thee witte bet
Though not to loue, yet loue t
As testie sick-men when their
No newes but health from thei
For if I should dispaire I shoul
And in my madnesse might spe
Now this ill wresting world is
Madde slanderers by madde ea
That I may not be so, nor th
Beare thine eyes straight, th

141

IN faith I doe not loue thee
For they in thee a thousand e
But 'tis my heart that loues wh
Who in dispight of view is ple
Nor are mine eares with thy to
Nor tender feeling to base tou
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to b
To any sensuall feast with thee
But my fiue wits, nor my fiue s
Diswade one foolish heart fro
Who leaues vnswai'd the liken
Thy proud hearts slaue and vas
Onely my plague thus farre
That she that makes me sinn

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